

LUNN

S.





R. Cruikshank, Del.

White, Sc.

The Shepherd of Derwent Vale.

Rooney. Here, take the crushkin down to the public-house beyont,
and get it filled wid "the medicine as before," as the doctors say.

Act II. Sc. 3.

THE
SHEPHERD OF DERWENT VALE;

A D R A M A,

In Two Acts,

By JOSEPH LUNN, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

WHITE LIES, ROSES AND THORNS,

FAMILY JARS, FISH OUT OF WATER, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
EXITS AND ENTRANCES,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS,

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. WHITE, from a Drawing by Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

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Costume.

LORD DERWENT.—Crimson velvet jacket and trunks, trimmed with gold spangles, and puffed with yellow satin; white silk hose, crimson velvet hat, white feathers, and russet boots.

SIR WILFRED WAYWARD.—Black velvet jacket and trunks, trimmed with gold spangles, and puffed with yellow satin; white silk hose, black velvet hat, white feathers, and russet shoes.

SENECHAL.—Black jacket and trunks, trimmed with pink, blue, and buttons; black gown, black hat, with red and black feathers, white hose, and russet shoes.

SHOCK.—White sheep-skin vest, with ragged and patched dark drab sleeves; brown ragged and patched trunks, flesh leggings, russet shoes, and flaxen wig.

OLD SOLDIER.—Black tabbed tunic and trunks, trimmed with yellow tinsel, and puffed with scarlet, and hat to match; breast plate, scarlet hose and large russet boots.

GERVAIS—Drab shape, trimmed and puffed with black; drab hat, blue hose, and russet shoes.

ROONEY O'CHISEL.—Rough drab cloth tunic and small-clothes patched, short leathern apron, flesh leggings, russet shoes, and dark blue cap.—Second Dress—Dark green tabbed tunic, trimmed with brown binding, and large white buttons down the breast, brown pantaloon hose, green cap, and russet shoes.

WALTER.—Red brown open tunic and trunks, trimmed with yellow binding and buttons; blue vest, blue hose, russet shoes brown cap and black feathers.

THADY.—Rough dark drab tunic, small-clothes patched, flesh legs, and russet shoes.—Second Dress—Light drab tunic and small-clothes, flesh legs, and russet shoes.

STEPHEN.—Drab shape, trimmed and puffed with blue; blue hose, russet shoes, and drab hat.

LADY MATILDA.—White satin trimmed with muslin puffs, and muslin full-hanging sleeves; white bead stomacher, white satin hat and feathers.

ALICE.—Stone-coloured stuff petticoat, nankeen boddice, striped with green binding, red cloth ragged drapery, black mits, and blue hose.

CHILD.—Slate-coloured frock.

<i>Lord Derwent</i>	Mr. Powell.
<i>Sir Wilfred Wayward</i>	Mr. Archer.
<i>Shock</i>	Mr. Sherwin.
<i>Rooney O'Chisel</i>	Mr. Fitzwilliam.
<i>Walter</i>	Mr. Browne.
<i>An old Soldier</i>	Mr. Younge.
<i>Gervais</i>	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Stephen</i>	Mr. Hughes.
<i>The Seneschal</i>	Mr. Armstrong.
<i>Thady</i>	Master Edmunds.
<i>Lady Matilda</i>	Miss I. Paton.
<i>Alice</i>	Mrs. H. Hughes.
<i>Shock's Child</i>	Miss Vineent.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Erit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may in all cases be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*. The following view of the Stage, with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the *Relative Positions*.

*** The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.



THE Shepherd of Derwent Vale.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The outside of Sir Wilfred Wayward's House, R. U. E.—the Stage represents a portion of the Park, with its fence and gate c. On the left hand a Tree, with a rustie seat beneath it.*

WALTER comes from the House, followed by the Porter, who has a horn slung by his side.

Walt. Come, my old boy, put your lungs in requisition, and give the signal for the tenants to assemble. [*The Porter sounds his horn.*] Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Porter, you're as great a man, in your way, as the Seneschal himself; for a single breath of yours can set the whole village in an uproar.—Here they come.

Enter GERVAIS and STEPHEN, from L. U. E. through Gate in c. followed by a number of other Peasants.

Gerv. Well, Mr. Walter, what news?

Walt. You shall know, presently: but, as it equally concerns every one of you, let me have you all in a circle, and then once telling will suffice.

Peas. Aye, aye, aye.

[*They form a circle round WALTER.*

Walt. You must know, then, that your landlord, and my master—Sir Wilfred Wayward—the most wealthy knight of the whole barony, is going to be married to Lady Matilda, the daughter of the rich and powerful Lord Derwent, baron of the domain. The bride and her illustrious father are to arrive here this evening, and his honour intends to give them the most brilliant reception his estate can afford: so away with you all—set the village bells a ringing, and put on your holiday suits. Then come into the park, and wait in the shrubbery until I call you.

Gerv. Well, but Mr. Walter, will you do me a little favor?

Walt. I don't know. Pray, what is it?

Gerv. Why, as Sir Wilfred don't seem to be very fond of showing himself, we scarcely know any thing about him. Now, as you've lived with him a long time—

Walt. You wish me to give you a description of him.

Gerv. If you please.

Walt. With all my heart: but, as it would occupy too much time to enumerate all his peculiarities, I'll merely tell you the most striking one. (*Advancing to him, and speaking emphatically*). He is very generous to those who serve him faithfully; but there are two descriptions of persons to whom he has a mortal hatred.

Gerv. Indeed! What sorts may they be?

Walt. Inquisitive tenants, and talkative servants.—
Good morning. [*Exit WALT. into house. R. U. E.*]

Steph. Ha! ha! ha! I think you've gotten your answer.

Gerv. Yes: like master like man. There's no getting any thing out of him: but, between you and I, they tell some queer stories about this landlord of ours.

Steph. Aye. I remember about twenty years ago, just after t'old house was burnt, and his younger brother perished i' the flames, Sir Wilfred suddenly disappeared; and some folk were ill-natured enough to say he took all the money he could lay his hands on.

Gerv. Why, bless you, if you were to hear Master Flail, and some other old men of the village, talk about him, it would make your hair stand on end. They say he's been a common soldier, and a deserter.

Steph. Why, do they, though?

Gerv. Pooh, man, that's a trifle. If we're to believe all they say, he's been a pirate.

Steph. Pirate! What's that?

Gerv. Why, a sort of sea highwayman, that thinks no more of cutting people's throats, than you or I do of sticking a sucking-pig.

A Peas. Hush, neighbour Gervais! Remember whom you're talking about. Suppose it should come to his ears——

Gerv. And what care I if it did. If all the tales they tell of him be true, I would not give two-pence for his favor: and if they be lies, I wasn't the inventor of 'em. You may do as you please; but I'll be hanged if I go kicking up my heels for his amusement, till I know a little more about him.

The Peas. Oh, very well. If you choose to cheat hurself of a merry holiday, and plenty of good cheer,

that's your business : we know better. Come along, neighbours.

[*Exeunt all but GERV. L. U. E. through gate in c.—As the Peasants go off, an old Soldier enters the Gate, from R. U. E. throws himself upon the seat under the Tree, and lays his haversack and stick beside him.*

Old S. I don't often knock up on a march ; but deuce take me if I can go another step without rest. This tree and seat will afford me a capital halting place for half an hour, before I go down to the village. [*To GERV.*—Pray, friend, can you give me any information concerning a person hereabout, known by the name of Shock ?

Gerv. What ! Shock the orphan Shepherd ?

Old S. Very likely.

Gerv. [*Aside.*—What the deuce can he want with that poor creature, whom nobody knows any thing about !—*To SOLD.*—Are you acquainted with him, friend ?

Old S. Not intimately. Can you tell me where I may find him ?

Gerv. Why, that's not so easy a matter. Most likely upon some bank in the valley, either sleeping or crying.

Old S. [*Eagerly.*] Crying ! What has happened to him ?

Gerv. Only what happens about once a week. Two or three of his master's sheep have been drowned in the river.

Old S. Pray tell me—what sort of person is he ?

Gerv. A poor, half-starved fellow, that nobody knows any thing about, except that he was brought here by an old woman, who said she picked him up (when a child), wandering upon the highway.

Old S. Unhappy boy !

Gerv. When he arrived at our village, he was a well-grown lad, with a pair of rosy cheeks, and hair so bright and curly, that the farmer who first employed him said it reminded him of a shock of wheat ; and so (as he had no name of his own) he has gone by that of " Shock " ever since.

Old S. Is he sober and honest ?

Gerv. Why, as to sobriety, the spring's his cellar, for I dare say he scarcely ever drank any thing stronger than water in his life. His hut, near the river yonder, is the most hospitable in the whole valley ; for it don't even refuse admission to the wind and rain ; and Providence don't send him much else to comfort him, for he's

sometimes without a morsel of bread to share with his wife and child.

Old S. Gracious Heaven! has he a wife and child?

Gerv. Yes. He married Alice Pinfold, an orphan, like himself. She is far his superior in mind and manner; but, in point of poverty, the match was equal enough.

Old S. Thank you, friend.

Gerv. You're very welcome. [*Going.*

Old S. One word more. I have a message to one Sir Wilfred Wayward, of this place. Do you happen to know such a person?

Gerv. Yes. [*Pointing.*] This is his park.

Old S. Pray, is he—

Gerv. Stop, my friend. The man we've been talking about is a poor'devil, without a relation or a groat in the world—but Sir Wilfred Wayward is a man of consequence, and it might not be quite so safe to gossip about him with a stranger—so I wish you good day. [*Exit GERV.*

Old S. [*Solus.*] Oh, ho! he's afraid of committing himself: and no wonder, with such a character as Sir Wilfred. Well—I've experienced some strange adventures in my life, but this promises to be the most extraordinary of all. 'Tis an odd coincidence! I have two commissions to execute: one to almost the richest, and the other to quite the poorest person in the whole barony. Heaven only knows how they will end! However I am resolved not to flinch from the duty I have undertaken.

[*A flock of Sheep pass slowly across the Stage, from L. to R. followed by SHOCK, with his Crook in his hand—his Pipe slung on one side, and an empty Wallet and Leather Bottle on the other. He is without a Hat, and has long, light, curly Hair. His dress is exceedingly coarse and ragged: he enters through gate in c.*

Shock. Poor dumb creatures! This is t' last time I shall ever drive ye up to t'fold.—And the poor kind things look as if they know'd it, and wur sorry to lose me. [*He sobs.*] Weel!—it will be all t'same to them!—They'll get sumbody else to lead'em out and watch'em.—But what's to become o'me—and my poor wife—and my bairn?

[*He weeps and leans upon his crook, L.*

Old S. [*Rising, and taking his havresack and stiek.*] Well: I'll stay no longer. I feel a little refreshed now, [*Crosses to R.*] and I'll e'en trudge on to—[*He turns*

and perceives SHOCK.—Ha! who have we here? That simple air!—Crook!—rags and tears!—It surely must be himself. [*Calls.*] Shock!

Shock. [*Starting.*] Who calls me?

Old S. A friend.

Shock. You mun be takkin me for sum other body. Poor Shock has ne'er a friend.

Old S. Yes: you have *onc* true friend. I! who (though unknown to you) am anxious to do you service.

Shock. [*Brightening.*] Can'st gi' me a flock to tend?

Old S. No. In me you see one as poor as yourself.

Shock. Do I?—[*With feeling.*]—What!—Hast gotten a wife and child starving wi' hunger?—an empty satchel, and na brass i'thy pocket?

Old S. No, not quite so bad as that. [*Affected.*

Shock. Then thou'rt not so poor as Shock. I've just been turn'd out o' my place—had all my wages stopt because sum o't' flock fell into t'river—[*Sobbing*]—and been refused a bit of broken victuals to carry home wi' me.—But mayhap you could speak a good word for me to Mr. Walter—he can do ought wi' Sir Wilfred.

Old S. Sir Wilfred!—What!—Have you been in his service? You shall have your place again, I promise you.

Shock. Shall I? Heaven bless you!—[*Affected.*]—You're t'first man as ever show'd me kindness—and I known't why *you* should neither; for you never seed me afore.

Old S. No: but I've often heard you spoken of. Have you no recollection of your parents?

Shock.—Oh, no, no.—*My* bairn, poor as it is, is richer nor ever his feyther wur for that matter.

Old S. Have you always been so unhappy?

Shock. No—not quite always.—[*With vivacity.*]—The day when I first met Alice—and the day we wur wed—and the day t'young un wur born—tho' it was a top o' a' truss o' straw—they wur days o' joy and happiness.—[*Saddening.*]—But they wur all.—They say its my own fau't I'm so unlucky—but I don't believe it, not I.—I think it's a sort of witchery like.

Old S. You may become rich sooner than you expect.—Do you think you could make a good use of money if you had it?

Shock. Yes.—I'd give it all to ony body as would fill my wallet wi' bread.—But here's sumbody coming up to t'house—I mun be going.

Old S. Stay with me.

Shock. Well, but remember—t'flock's a waitin for me. I mun go and put um into t'fold. Where shall I find you when I cum back?

Old S. [*Pressing SHOCK's hand.*] On the skirt of the wood, at the foot of the hill.

Shock. I'll cum.—And, whether I get t'place or no, I shall always think o' your kindness—and I'll pray for you—and Alice shall pray for you—and I'll larn t'bairn to pray for you.

Old S. 'Thanks, thanks.—Don't fail to meet me.

Shock. You may be sure o'me.—[*With emphasis.*]—My friend!—[*Wiping his eyes.*]—It's t'first time i'my life I ever call'd ony body by that name—and—it almost chokes me wi' joy. [*Exit SHOCK, gate in c.*]

Old S. [*Solus.*] Poor fellow!—His is, indeed, a pitiable case; but, thank Heaven! I possess the means of raising him from indigence, and convincing him that he is not, as he imagines himself, without a relative in the world.—But first to my business with Sir Wilfred Wayward.—That affair is of the greatest consequence, and demands my immediate care. I'll retire into the shrubbery, and watch for an opportunity to accost him. [*Exit.*]

Enter WALTER from House, R. U. E.

Walt. [*Looking out at the wing.*] Oh! curse these clod-hopping louts!—not one of them in sight yet.

SIR WILFRED comes from the House, R. U. E.

Sir W. Well, Walter, have you executed my orders?

Walt. Yes, your honour. The tenants were not quite so prompt as I could have wish'd; but I have every hope that all will go right.

Sir W. At length, Walter, I am within one step of the summit of my wishes.

Walt. I give your honour joy of your success.

Sir W. You see what a devoted lover can achieve, when aided by courage and perseverance.

Walt. It was only the other day that his lordship, the baron, would neither see you, nor hear you spoken well of.

Sir W. True. My father, who was honored with the intimate friendship of this lord, was so irritated by my flight, that he exaggerated all the errors of my youth.

Walt. Aye, sir, you are more indebted to fortune than to your father; for, if it had not been for your brother's losing his life in—

Sir W. Walter! I have before desired you never to mention him in my presence.—Don't let me have occasion to repeat the caution.

Walt. I beg your honor's pardon.

Sir W. See! his lordship and lady Matilda approach.—Run and prepare the actors for our farce.

[*Exit WALTER through Gate in c.*]

Enter LORD DERWENT, LADY MATILDA, and suite.

Sir W. Welcome, my gracious lord! Welcome, lady Matilda, to the desolate spot, which only required the magic of your presence to convert it into an elysium.—

[*LADY M. curtsies very low.*]

Lord D. Thanks, my dear Sir Wilfred. So high a compliment merits a low obeisance. We shall take rather an abrupt advantage of your welcome, for Matilda has a favor to ask of you.

Sir W. Favor! I trust Lady Matilda does me the honor to believe that, independent of my allegiance, her remotest wishes are, to me, the most grateful of commands.

Lady M. In the little promenade which we have just made, I have observed some objects who have deeply excited my compassion; and my suit is, that you will permit me to afford them some consolation and relief.

Sir W. Do, amiable Matilda! diffuse joy and contentment around you; and let me have the triumph of always hearing your name pronounced with its natural accompaniment—a benediction.

Lady M. There is one family, in particular, whose exigencies demand immediate attention.

Lord D. Though not entirely unused to scenes of distress, I never before witnessed such utter destitution.

Sir W. Truce, my good lord! I have indeed been too negligent of my poor dependents—but here is my apology.—[*Taking LADY M.'s hand.*] My heart has been so entirely occupied by this one adored object, that no space was left for other cares.

Lord D. Pardon me, my friend, if I say that the excuse is more gallant than benevolent. If the violence of your love takes away your appetite, 'tis no reason that your tenants should be without a dinner,

Lady M.—[*To SIR W.*—]The only persons we saw of the family, were a woman and child. I asked who was her husband? She replied “the Orphan Shep-

herd ;'' and that they awaited his return with the bare hope of a morsel of food. I had no money to bestow upon them, having exhausted his lordship's purse in previous acts of charity. I will visit them again to-morrow ; but, in the meantime—

Sir W. I will give directions that their immediate wants shall be attended to ; and, in the morning, we will visit them together.

Lord D. [*Looking around.*] Ah, my friend ! the contemplation of this spot conjures up in my mind a mingled feeling, at once gratifying and painful.—How many times have your worthy father and myself wandered in friendly converse over these scenes ! and how many times have I seen him writhe beneath the conflicting passions of despair and hope, while he recounted the particulars of the dreadful conflagration which robbed him of a son !

Lady M. [*To SIR W.*] Was it on this spot, then, that you lost your brother ?

Sir W. [*Gloomily.*] Yes.

Lady M. Without the possibility of affording him a chance of rescue ?

Sir W. [*As before.*] Yes.

Lord D. The intensity of the combustion was such, that no trace of the child could be found in the ruins. This circumstance gave birth to a vague hope in your father's mind, that his son survived, and so fondly did he cherish the chimera, that, when on his death-bed, he made his will in the boy's favour, in the event of his re-appearance.

Sir W. My lord, I respect his last behest, and only deem myself the depositary of his wealth, which I will joyfully resign, should it ever please Heaven to restore to us the object of his bounty.

Lord D.—[*Taking SIR WILFRED'S hand.*]—My dear Wayward, I rejoice to hear you utter so laudable a sentiment.—My mind was strongly prejudiced against you ; but the more I see of you, the more worthy I find you of the honor which I am about to confer upon you.

[*Sprightly music is heard without.*]
Ha ! what music is that ? —[*Looking out.*]—Hey day ! what, a fête !

Enter WALTER through Gate in c.

Walt.—[*To SIR W.*]—Please your honor, your good tenants, anxious to show their affection and respect,

have assembled to celebrate your approaching happiness, and hope you'll condescend to receive the humble tribute of their attentions.

Sir W. Lady Matilda, will you design to accept their homage?

Lady M. With heartfelt pleasure.

[SIR WILFRED leads LADY MATILDA to a seat, and places her between LORD DERWENT and himself. A number of peasants [some being habited as Shepherds and Shepherdesses,] enter through gate in c. from R. U. E. and make obeisance to the lady and gentleman, strewing some flowers at their feet; Then advance, and perform a figure dance; during which the OLD SOLDIER enters, L. and remains on unobserved. At the conclusion of the dance, SIR WILFRED and LADY MATILDA rise.

Sir W. Walter, I confide to you the task of entertaining these good people. Take care that they want for nothing.

Walt. I will, your honour. [Aside to Peas.] Why don't you cheer, and be curst to ye?

[A few of the Peasants cry "Huzza! Huzza! Long life to Sir Wilfred." Then exeunt through Gate in c. followed by WALTER.

Sir W.—[Pointing to the house.]—I have a poor repast prepared, my lord.—If you and Lady Matilda are now disposed to honor it.

Lord D. With all my heart.—I am quite prepared to do justice to your hospitality.

[As SIR WILFRED is about to offer his hand to conduct LADY MATILDA, the OLD SOLDIER glides behind him and speaks to him in a low voice.

Old S. Sir Wilfred, I have a message for you.

Sir W. Bye and bye, good fellow; at present I am engaged.

Old S.—[Mysteriously.]—'Tis from Baldoc—

Sir W.—[Turning hastily.]—From Baldoc?

Old S.—[As before.]—And demands instant attention.

Sir W. Hush!—Retire, and await me in the shrubbery.

[SIR WILFRED, in extreme agitation, takes the hand of LADY MATILDA; and (accompanied by LORD DERWENT, leads her into the house, R. U. E. keeping his eyes fixed upon the OLD SOLDIER, who goes slowly off at the wing, L.

SCENE II.—*A Shrubby.**Enter the OLD SOLDIER, L.*

Old S.—[*Solus.*]—I have the best security in the world that he will keep his word with me ; for his apprehension will compel him. I scarcely dare hope that he will yield to my entreaties.—However, my resolution is fixed ; and be the consequence what it may, I will not—Ha ! he comes.

Enter SIR WILFRED, at the back, L. S. E.

[*He cautiously examines every avenue, to assure himself that he is unobserved.—Then comes forward and sullenly addresses the OLD SOLDIER.*]

Sir W. Well—what request have you to communicate from Baldoc ?

Old S. For himself nothing.—He is dead.

Sir W.—[*As if relieved from violent apprehension.*]
—Ha !—what then is your errand ?

Old S. To give you an account of the last moments of that guilty man.

Sir W. Guilty ! Who has charged him with—

Old S. Himself !—on the bed of death, which is no time for falsehood, he made a written declaration that, on a certain day some twenty years ago, taking advantage of a dreadful fire on this very estate, he carried off a child, about three years of age, the second son of the late Sir Wilfred Wayward, and conveyed him into the forest to assassinate him.—[*He looks steadfastly in SIR WILFRED'S face.*]
—Can you give any guess who the person was, whom he pointed out as his employer ?

Sir W. Eternal powers !

Old S. You.—He accuses you of being the murderer of your brother.†

Sir W. Infatuated wretch !—And this written impeachment—

Old S. Is in my possession—with some other important documents.

Sir W. [*Taking the SOLDIER'S hand.*] Follow me, my good friend. Place those papers in my hands, and you shall find my liberality commensurate with the importance of your service.

Old S. No, Sir Wilfred :—I hope to do you a still greater favour.—To relieve your soul from the pressure of remorse, and to restore your brother to your arms.

Sir W. My brother!—But no—'tis impossible.—I have proofs which—

Old S. Do not deceive yourself, Sir Wilfred.—Baldoc's testimonial is supported by infallible proofs; and, if remonstrance will not avail, the strong arm of justice shall wrest from you what you so wrongfully withhold.—To me the victim of your avarice stands in the relationship of an oppressed fellow-creature. I know his retreat—I am also acquainted with his wrongs, and I have sworn to redress them. Yet I would do it by gentle means.—Let me beseech you, then, to relent.—Open your heart to contrition.—Recall your brother to your embrace, and share with him your immense possessions.—Do this; and, be Heaven my witness, the whole world—

Sir W. The whole world!

Old S. Yes—the whole world—even your brother himself, shall remain in utter ignorance of your participation in the crime of Baldoc.

Sir W. Ha!—My brother then has not been made acquainted with the secret of his birth?

Old S. No. I only, besides yourself, possess that knowledge.

Sir W. You only. [*He looks around.*] Then hear me.—My father (haunted by a suspicion that my brother might still survive) constituted him, by will, his sole heir.—Should my brother re-appear, my ruin is sealed.—Let him then remain uninformed of his origin.—Let me know his abode, and the name he bears, and I will place him far above the reach of want.—And, for yourself, you shall fix the price of your silence.

Old S. Your brother *must* be recognised.

Sir W. [*With vehemence.*] Never!

Old S. [*Going.*] Then I know what course to pursue.

Sir W. What would you do?

Old S. My duty.—I have but a few years to live, and I would freely resign them to see the poor youth in possession of his right.

Sir W. [*Springing upon the SOLDIER, and seizing him by the collar.*] Wretch!—If you dare to move one step in furtherance of your design.—[*Relaxing and quitting his hold.*] But no, no—tempt me not to acts of desperation, but yield to my prayer, and be an equal sharer in my wealth.

Old S. I am neither to be scared by threats nor

moved by entreaties. Danger never yet deterred me from the performance of my duty, nor shall it now.

Sir W. For heaven and pity's sake, suspend but your intention until—

Old S. Sir, I well know the conflict which a mind like yours must undergo before it can perform such an act as I have dictated—[*Crosses to L.*] I will therefore allow you scope for reflection: to-morrow morning the papers proving your brother's existence shall be laid before his lordship the baron; if you then instantly admit his claim, your guilt shall be suppressed; but one moment of resistance proclaims you to the world a patricide.

[*Exit hastily, L.*]

Sir W. [*Solus, in extreme agitation.*] He's gone, and I am lost!—His menace realized, life is not worth a thought. Yet shall I tamely bear to be stript of my hard earned gold, torn from my promised bride, and branded with the name of villain?—By hell and vengeance, no!—One way remains, and that shall be essayed—Walter, arm, and follow me!

[*Exeunt SIR WILFRED by the front L. entrance, and WALTER by the L. back.*]

SCENE III.—*The inside of a Cottage, without furniture—THADY discovered, solus, with a book in his hand. He lays down the book, and comes forward.*

Thady. Heigh ho! I wish father would return, for I'm quite tired of being alone—I'm as melancholy as a new caught bird in a cage, and I'm sure I never see one without longing to set it at liberty.

SONG.—THADY.

When opening flowers proclaim the spring,
And tuneful birds a welcome sing,
O'er sylvan scenes I love to rove,
And hear the concert of the grove;
For as the feather'd songsters meet
They seem to say, "how charming sweet

Are wings and liberty!"

But when imprison'd in a cage
I see the captive warbler rage,
My bosom burns to break the wire,
And let him join his native choir;

For, in each note which meets my ear,
Methinks these plaintive words I hear,
“ Oh give me liberty !”

Enter ROONEY O'CHISEL through R. D.

Rooney. Thady, jewel, come to my arms, and give me joy of my promotion. [*He embraces THADY.*] 'Tisn't long since myself got out of linbo, and now I'm going to keep other poor devils in it—I've seen his honour, the seneschal, and he's given me a commission.

Thady. A commission !

Rooney. Troth, he did that same ; the gaoler of the barony died yesterday, and I'm after popping into his shoes. I'm to go directly up to the prison beyont, to take charge of the big bundle of keys ; but I'm thinking, I'll not be so cute at guarding the doors of a gaol as I was at making them.

Thady. The seneschal has always been very kind to us.

Rooney. 'Deed he has :—when I came over from Ireland, (bad luck to the day !) I brought a letter to him from a lady of my acquaintance,

Thady. A lady, father ?

Rooney. Yes ; a *landlady* of the Bull and Shamrock, in Kinsale—Oh, then, a cushlee ! she little thinks what a cross-grained job her friend's giving me now : well, I hope I'll get no prisoners in it, as I was, for the crime of unavoidable misfortune, or I'll be letting them get o' the wrong side of the bars, in spite o' my teeth.

Thady. I hope not, father.

Rooney. Let me only have to dale wid blackguards, and devil a taste of tinderness will they get from Rooney O'Chisel—they'll find me as hard and as rough as a bag o' nails.

Enter the OLD SOLDIER, R. D.

Old S. [*As he enters.*] I'll e'en throw myself upon the protection of this stranger. [*To ROONEY.*] My good friend, I am pursued, and have taken advantage of your open door : will you conceal me ?

Rooney. [*Aside.*] By the powers, now, that's a mighty cool question to ax of a gaoler ! [*To the SOLDIER.*] Sure you wouldn't think me too curish if I'd like to know what you've been doing, first.

Old S. There's no time for explanation. I'm an innocent man beset by villains.

Rooney. By my soul, then, I suppose I must take your bare word for it.

Old S. Will you give me an asylum?

Rooney. No; I can't do that, because I'm just going out of it; but I'll tell you what I'll give you—I'll give you a hint.—My cabin has got a back door to it, and it opens into the wood. [*THADY opens the door in c. and remains outside.*] So, away wid you, honey, and take care you don't pay me a visit at the house I'm going to, for devil's cure to the open door you'll find there but what's double-locked.

Old S. [*Aside.*] What shall I do? If I should fail to reach the spot in safety, poor Shock will be left destitute. [*To ROONEY.*] I would give all I am worth in the world at this moment, to know whether you are a man of honour.

Rooney. Would you? See that, now—Arrah, clap your eyes upon the face o' me—if you think I'm honest, don't be afraid to spake out—and if you see any thing you mislike about it, why keep it to yourself, your-neen.

Old S. I am engaged in the cause of humanity, and necessity compels me to entrust you with a secret.

Rooney. In the cause of humanity!—Musha, then yourself has the key to my heart, and you may lock up just what you will in it, till you want it back.

Old S. Will you swear to preserve it inviolable?

Rooney. Is it swear?—Troth, then, I'll do no such thing; [*Emphatically*] but by the holy crook of St. Patrick, the man that would get it out o' me—

Old S. Enough.—Now hear me.—In the trunk of the blighted willow, which overhangs the torrent in the wood, hard by, there is hidden a considerable treasure. Should I arrive there in safety, your assistance will not be required. But if any thing should befall me, be you my executor, and deliver that property into the hands of the person to whom it belongs. 'Tis Shock, the orphan Shepherd—farewell!

[*Exit OLD SOLDIER: and enter THADY, D. in c.*]

Rooney. 'Pon my conscience, I'm not the only one that's in good luck to-day. Shock, the orphan Shepherd! and who the devil's he? Sure the man doesn't think I know every mutton driver in the—[*Enter WALTER, R. D.*—Hollo! another!—

Walt. [*Aside.*] I could almost swear, that at a distance I saw him enter this cottage. [*To ROONEY.*]

Pray, my friend, have you seen an old soldier pass this way?

Rooney. Oh! many's the one, ould and young too.

Walt. But within these few minutes?

Rooney. What if I did?

Walt. Only inform me which way he went, and this purse [*Offering a purse*] shall reward your intelligence.

Rooney. I'll tell you what, sir; I'm after being 'pinted keeper of the goal, and I intend to drink double doses of brandy to fit my heart for its new calling; but if I'd buy any wid such dirty-got money, I'd be afraid of its choking me.

Walt. I fancy there are not many people of your class so squeamish.

Rooney. My class, is it? Botheration, man: when the divil comes abroad in search of a big rogue, do you think he stops to look whether his coat's made of plain fustian, or lace and broad-cloth?

[*Looking first at his own dress, and then at WALTER'S.*]

Walt. May be not: so let every one take care of himself, my fine fellow. [*Exit WALTER, R. D.*]

Rooney. Bad luck to your gingerbread jacket!—was it yourself the ould soldier wanted to get out of the way of?

Thady. I dare say, father, he's safe enough out of reach by this time.

Rooney. I hope he is, Thady, if it wasn't a lie he was telling me. However, that's his business, and I must go and attind to mine; and do you go and attind to your learning.—[*Exit THADY, R. D.*—] I can't say it's much taste I have for the change: at my ould trade I was at home to a shaving, wid my little shop full of timber, where I used to make every matter of household furniture from a cradle to a coffin. And then to lose all to a gang of hard-hearted creditors! Och hone! its like a great scholar being robbed of all his books; for in a joiner's workshop you may study all the professions in the world.

SONG.—ROONEY.

I'm a joiner by trade, and O'Chisel's my name;
From the sod, to make shavings and money, I came.

But myself I was never consarnin'

'Bout the lessons of schools;

For my own chest of tools

And my shop were a college for larning.

For by cutting, contriving,
And boring and driving,
Each larned profession gains bread ;
And they're sure to succeed,
If they only take heed
To strike the right nail on the head.
Whack ! whack ! hubbabeo, gramachree :
All the Dons in the nation are joiners like me.

The lawyers, like carpenters, work on a binch,
And their trade's just the same as my own to an inch ;
For clients, whenever they dive in it,
Soon find their cash fail ;
For the law's a big nail,
An' the 'turveys are hammers for driving it.
Then by cutting, &c.

The Doctor a big chist of tools carries out,
And cuts, saws, and hacks his poor patients about,
Just as I would a plank, or a scantling ;
And it's all one to him,
If he lops off a limb,
Or takes out out an ould tooth or young bantling.
For by cutting, &c.

Then each Sunday, at church, by the parson we're tould,
By line, square, and compass, our actions to mould ;
And at *joining* himself the right sort is :
For he pins man and wife
Together for life,
Just as firm as a tenon and mortise.
So by cutting, &c.

And the heroes who sarve in our army and ships,
When they're fighting our battles, are all *brother-chips*,
So entirely our trades are according ;
For with tools of sharp steel
Soldiers cut a *great deal*,
And the tars are nate workmen at *boarding* :
So by cutting, &c.

Then our nobles and marchants, and stock-jobbing lads,
Like joiners, work best when they've plenty of *brads*.
Each projector's a great *undertaker* ;
And, to clinch up the whole,
Our good King, bless his soul !
Is an elegant *Cabinet-maker*.
So by cutting, &c.

[Exit, R. D.]

SCENE IV.—*A retired spot on the skirt of a wood.—Evening.—A violent storm, with thunder and lightning.—On one side is a small accessible eminence.—The OLD SOLDIER enters L. and crosses to R. U. E. pursued by SIR WILFRED WAYWARD and WALTER, with their swords drawn.—The sound of SHOCK's pipe is heard; at the conclusion of which enter SHOCK, L. S. E.*

Shock. [Solus.] Weel, I've gotten here at last. An' I haudn't gin my word to cum and meet wi' t'ould man, I should ha' stood crying o'er t'sheep another hour. [Looking around] This mun be t'spot, I reckon: but I see nought o' my friend. I'll gang up o'top o't'hill, and look about me a bit.—[He goes some paces up the hill, when a distant plaintive cry is heard, R. U. E.]—Ha! what wur that? [Listens.] Oh! it were no' but t'wind among t'leaves. [He proceeds up the hill L. U. E.—a long groan is heard, R. U. E.] He! war'nt that?—[A peal of thunder.] Oh t'thunder. Wauns, I thought it wur t'voice of a man. Weel, I'll stop a piece longer, in spite o' t'storm. Heaven will do no harm to poor Shock. [He ascends to the top of the hill, sits down, and begins to play a melancholy air upon his pipe.]

Enter SIR WILFRED WAYWARD, with his drawn sword in one hand, and the soldier's havresack in the other, followed by WALTER, R. U. E.

Sir W. [Wildly.] Thanks to my faithful steel, his silence is secure! Now for my prize!

[He precipitately rifles the havresack; at which moment footsteps are heard, and voices without.]

Voices. (R.) This way! this way!

Sir W. [Looking out.] Eternal powers! Matilda and her father! [He sheathes his sword, and throws the havresack into the thicket.]

Enter LADY MATILDA and LORD DERWENT, followed by a number of domestics with lighted torches, R.

Lady M. He's here! he's here!—safe, thank Heaven!

Tableau.—LORD DERWENT, LADY MATILDA, SIR WILFRED WAYWARD, and WALTER, in front. Servants arranged at the back. WALTER catches the attention of SIR WILFRED, and significantly points out SHOCK, who still sits on the eminence.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The interior of SHOCK's dwelling.—A mud hovel, the walls of which have partly fallen down, and been repaired with branches of trees and straw. The principal door, which is in the R. of the flat, is composed of a few rough boards, much shorter than the opening. On the L. is a smaller door of a similar description; and on the R. a rustic lattice door, as leading to a small shed. The furniture consists of a rude table, two stools, and a rush mat [spread upon the floor], on which a Child lies sleeping.—ALICE discovered spinning.*

Alice. [*Sola.*] Mercy on us! what can have become of poor Shock? If he has been out all night in the storm, he must be almost famished. Perhaps his master has been so cruel as to stop his wages, and he has not the courage to come home. Heaven preserve his poor weak brain! his grief may have led him to do something wrong—but no, his heart is too tender for that. He would never desert his poor wife and child.

[She approaches the child, who awakes.

Child. [*Rising.*] Oh, mother, you awoke me just as I was dreaming that father brought us something to eat.

Alice. Did I, my love? [*Embraces the Child.*] I am sorry for that; but perhaps your dream may prove true. Go and try if you can see your father coming.

Child. Yes, mother, and if I do, I'll run and meet him.

[Exit CHILD, D. in F.]

Alice. [*Listening.*] Hark! what noise was that? Before sun-rise I saw some soldiers pass this way. [*She looks out.*] What do I see? The Seneschal! what can he want here?

Enter the SENESCHAL, followed by some Soldiers,
D. in F.

Senes. [*To the Soldiers.*] Search diligently every part of this hut. [*Some of the Soldiers enter R. While others inspect the apartment*] Don't be alarmed good woman; you have nothing to fear. Where is your husband?

Alice. Oh, sir, I would give the world to know that myself. He did not come home last night.

Senes. Was he not, last night, during the storm, upon the hill near the thicket?

Alice. [*With apprehension.*] Heaven above knows, sir!—has any thing happened?

Senes. Have you heard nothing new this morning?

Alice. Nothing.

Senes. Have you given shelter to any stranger during the night?

Alice. Shelter! Look around, sir. Is it likely that any one would seek shelter in this hovel?

Senes. Still it would afford the hope of concealment to a criminal flying from justice.

Alice. [*Eagerly.*] What do you mean, sir? [*The Soldiers come forward from R.*]

A Soldier. We can find nothing, sir, to cause suspicion.

Alice. [*Aside.*] Suspicion! He named my husband, too. [*To the SENESCHAL.*] Sir, sir, for charity's sake, let me know the meaning of this.

Enter GERVAIS hastily D. in F.

Gerv. Mr. Seneschal—

Senes. What now? [*They all press round GERVAIS.*]

Gerv. Walter, the valet of Sir Wilfred Wayward—

Senes. Hush! [*Takes GERVAIS aside.*] Well, what of Walter?

Gerv. He has this moment been seen upon the high road, on horseback, at full speed; and, whenever he met any one, he muffled his face in his cloak, to prevent his being known.

Senes. Pray, had not this Walter a bad character in the neighbourhood?

Gerv. I don't know, sir. He was quite in the confidence of Sir Wilfred.

Senes. Very well.

Gerv. [*Aside.*] He don't seem to relish that.

Senes. [*Aside.*] Gracious powers! Can it be suspected that Sir Wilfred!—the man who was about to marry my young lady?—and yet, his sudden disappearance—his absence this morning—how shall this be told to his lordship?

Alice. [*Aside to GERVAIS.*] Gervais, tell me, I beg of you, what is—

Gerv. [*Aside to ALICE.*] Presently.

Senes. [To GERVAIS.] Utter not a word on the subject which you have named, but follow me; we must pursue our researches.

[*Exeunt SENESCHAL and SOLDIERS, D. in F.*]

Alice. [Detaining GERVAIS.] Now!

Gerv. An old soldier, who was yesterday seen in Sir Wilfred Wayward's park, has been found murdered in the wood. Sir Wilfred is from home; and, although the people dare not speak out, they suspect—

Alice. What! that Sir Wilfred—

Gerv. Hush! be silent at present—I must follow the Seneschal.

Alice. But let me hear—

Gerv. I dare not—besides, I know no more.

[*Exit GERVAIS, D. in F.*]

Alice. (*Sola.*) Merciful Heaven! Can it be possible! a rich and powerful knight guilty of murder! but my poor husband! what can have detained him so long? I shudder to think of his absence from home at such a time. [*A dead march is heard without.*] Hark! what sound is that? [*She runs to the door, on the outside of which a funeral train is seen to pass from L. to R.*] Ha! 'tis the body of the murdered man. [*Exit ALICE, D. in F.*]

Enter SIR WILFRED WAYWARD, D. in F. his dress is disordered; and his features evince the most violent emotion.

Sir W. This horrible spectacle is too much! [*He falls upon a stool, and hides his face in his hand till the funeral procession has passed.*] 'Tis gone! and I respire again. What a night have I passed! for the first time in my life I have felt the force of terror. Every eye seemed fixed upon me! They do not yet dare to accuse me, but my perturbation may have been interpreted. Whither have I wandered? I walked from home to tranquillize my spirits; and fate conducted me to the very spot where I had striven to conceal one crime by the perpetration of another, still more black and execrable. Shall I have recourse to flight? I have gold enough upon my person for every present exigency. And yet, why should I proclaim my guilt, and relinquish, without an effort, all the ambitious hopes which urged me to imbrue my hand in—hark! I hear footsteps!—*[Music.]*—Ha! 'tis the shepherd!

[*He conceals himself in the shed, R.*]

Enter SHOCK, slowly, and looking timidly round, D. F.

Shock. What ! not here ! neither Alice nor t'bairn ! I wur 'maist frettened to cum in. 'They'll be looking a'ter me, I reckon [*Affected.*] 'They mun be nigh dying wi' hunger ; and I ha' gotten nout for 'em when they do find me.

Sir W. [*Looking out.*] What dreadful misery !

Shock. Mayhap't wife ha' heard o' t' man being killed i' t' wood, and war frettened, as I didn't cum home, that I wur—but no ; she could na'think that nouter. I never harmed any body i'all my life. Ise sure I should ha' thout t'thunder war enough to scare folk fra' knocking one another o' t'yed. Ah ! Alice little thinks who t' dead man wur. I wish I'd seen the chap as dun it. I'd ha' telled Seneschal, and, mayhap, he mout ha' gi'en me somm't to get a bit o'bread.

Sir W. A project has flashed across my brain ! The thought is horrid ! Yet, I am struggling to escape sinking in a flood of infamy, and will e'en grasp at this feeble chance.

Shock. Ha ! what's t'matter wi' me ? I feel all over—like—[*He staggers to a stool, sits down, L. and lays his hand upon his stomach.*] Oh ! I know weel enow what it is now.

Sir W. The moment could not be more favourable ! [*calls*] Shock ! [*louder.*] Shock !

Shock. [*Starting.*] Ha ! who's that ? [*Rises.*

Sir W. [*Coming forward.*] 'Tis I.

Shock. [*Confused and surprised.*] He ! your worship ! why, i' t' name o' wunder—

Sir W. Silence. See if any one is within hearing. What I have to say to you demands the most profound secresy. [*Shock searches cautiously round.*] Preposterous as it is, his rustic ignorance gives me courage to proceed.

Shock. [*Coming forward.*] There's nobody nigh.

Sir W. [*With affected concern*] Poor Shock ! I knew that you were indigent ; but, if I could have had an idea of the wretchedness which I now witness, I never could have suffered you to be dismissed from my service.

Shock. [*With vivacity.*] What ! will ye tak me back again ?

Sir W. Answer me :—will you command instead of serving, and see your wife and child relieved from want, and blest with riches ? c

Shock. [*With emotion.*] My wife and child! your—worship—I'd lay down my life—

Sir W. So great a sacrifice is not requisite.—Would you endure a few days' imprisonment?

Shock. Days? aye, and weeks too, if that would bring 'em any good; but I don't understand—I beg pardon. All t' neighbours tell me I ha' gotten a very thick yed; and I dout its ow'r true.

Sir W. Hear me. A man has been found dead, in the wood.

Shock. Aye, I know—an ould soldier—I wunder what rascal could be so cruel—

Sir W. No one. 'Tis supposed that he had quarrelled with some one, and that he lost his life in fighting.

Shock. Oh, that alters t'matter.

Sir W. The officers of justice are at this moment in search of the person who killed him, and public rumour has dared to accuse me.

Shock. [*With extreme surprise.*] Ha! accuse a man like you!

Sir W. Strong in my own innocence, I would instantly demand the right of proving it by trial; but I am on the point of marriage with the daughter of our lord the baron, and the bare imputation would delay, if not entirely prevent, my happiness.

Shock. Weel, that's true.

Sir W. The moments are precious! Shock, whoever the guilty man may be, will you consent to relieve him from the denunciation which hangs over him?

Shock. Me? why—what does your worship mean?

Sir W. Take his place—suffer yourself to be charged with his crime; and I will pledge myself for the advancement of your fortune. [*Takes several purses from his pockets, and covers the table with money.*]

Shock. [*As if stupefied with astonishment.*] Where am I? am I asleep or awake? All that for me! [*With emotion.*] No, no; not all for me—for my starving wife, and dear, pretty bairn! [*To Sir W.*]—Your worship, what mun I do?

Sir W. I'll tell you—you will be taken into custody.

Shock. Shall I? [*Here, and during the remainder of the scene, Shock occasionally trembles, as if irresolute, and as often casts his eyes on the money, the sight of which seduces him to consent.*]

Sir W. You will be taken to prison.

Shock. [*Alarmed.*] To prison! when?

Sir W. To-day: afterward you will be questioned whether you killed the old soldier.

Shock. And what mun I say?

Sir W. Nothing. I will not burthen your soul with perjury. I will pretend to the baron, that you have confessed to me; that he sought your life; that he attacked you near the torrent, in the wood; and that, being younger and stronger than him, you overcame him.

Shock. [*Gloomily, as if wavering.*] Oh, I understand now—I mun let 'em say 'twur I as kill'd t'ould mon.

Sir W. [*Seizing SHOCK's hand, and assuming a tone of tenderness.*] My good Shock, my object is to promote the welfare of your whole family. Be therefore swayed by my advice. You shall soon quit this rustic habit and this comfortless abode. I will be your protector; and all your wishes shall be gratified, even before you can express them.

Shock. [*With apparent resolution.*] Well, if your worship is sartin that my hauding my tongue will mak all right—

Sir W. It will; it must. Be you only firm in your resolution not to contradict the accusation, and leave the rest to me. Now listen, but let it not alarm you. You will be taken from prison to trial; you will be condemned as a murderer—

Shock. [*Breaking from SIR WILFRED, and shuddering with horror.*] What! let 'em call me a murderer! tell my poor Alice she's t'wife of a murderer! and t'poor little bairn that his feyther's—why they would never cum nigh me ony more. No! if it wur nought but killing t'man, I wadn't mind; but to say I *murdered* un!—Tak back t'money [*crosses to R.*] I'll ha' nou't to do wi't. I've ne'er a mouthful of bread for mysen or my family: but I'll tell 'em they mun wait till t'morn; [*he clasps his hands and raises his eyes*] and we'll pray to Heaven to send us summut to keep us fra' dying wi' want.

Sir W. [*Alarmed at SHOCK's resistance.*] Insensate churl! away with these idle terrors! your heart recoils at a bare word which escaped my lips in error. I repeat to you, it is no murder, though they may call it so—it is more an affair of misfortune than of crime—your wife and child, instead of flying from your embrace, will bless you for raising them to affluence. [*Pointing to the gold.*] To-morrow the gold now before you shall

be increased twenty-fold: meantime I will furnish your family with the means of retiring to another country, where they shall live rich and happy.

Shock. [*Eagerly.*] And I—

Sir W. When your trial is concluded, I will liberate you from prison in the night—you shall hasten to follow them, and, instead of being a shepherd to others, you shall have flocks of your own—

Shock. Shall I, though?

Sir W. Aye, the best the country will afford.

Shock. [*Aside.*] Well, I see how it is, it's my lot, and every one on us mun tak that, good or bad, as it comes, i' spite of his 'sen. It's just as t' ould soldier said—He telled me I would soon be rich, and as sure as my name is Shock this mun be t' way he meant. [*To SIR WILFRED with firmness.*] I'll do't, your worship.

Sir W. [*With triumph.*] Then your fortune is secure—I will deposit in your hut the proofs of your guilt.—But one thing more—Swear to me by all your hopes, here and hereafter, to preserve eternal secresy.

Shock. Weel, I do—

Sir W. Enough! Farewell awhile, and thank your stars for this happy change of fortune. [*Aside.*] Thus far I have succeeded to my utmost wish—but for the rest, time only can decide. [*Exit SIR WILFRED, D. in F.*]

Shock. [*Solus.*] Weel, I never seed such a day as this in my life—I feel vary queer—I think I should lose my senses, only they tell me I ha' gotten none to lose. It seems all a dream. [*He takes hold of some money.*] No; it be right earnest gold, and that will buy ony thing. Alice and bairn shall ha' three meals a day, and—my heart's nigh bursten wi' joy. [*He bursts into tears.*] I'se better now, and as I'se to be put into prison to-day, I mun get this out o' t' way till its all ow'r.

[*He sweeps all the gold into his satchel, and conceals it in the thatch.*]

Enter ALICE, carrying a small basket, followed by STEPHEN, D. in F.

Alice. [*On entering.*] Hah! safe returned, thank Heaven! [*She runs and embraces SHOCK.*] My dear Shock, I've good news for you—A kind, charitable lady has given me some money, and I've got such a breakfast!—

Shock. [*With great glee.*] And I've gotten good news for you, too—I've money enough to buy half

o't'village—Doant stop me—I'se no' but going to get summut to eat an' drink, an' ax sum o't'neighbours to cum an' mak merry wi' us—I'll be back in a minute—Oh! you will be so surprised!—I'se so happy, and hardly know what I'se about.

[*Exit SHOCK, dancing with joy, D. in F.*

Alice. O how happy I am to see my dear Shock in such high spirits!

Steph. I'm afeard you'll be changing your tune afore long.

Alice. [*Alarmed.*] What do you mean, Stephen?

Steph. Poor Alice! I'm sorry to be t'first to tell you th' news, but the truth mun be told—Shock ha' been fund to be t'man as killed t'ould soldier.

Alice. [*Coolly.*] For shame, neighbour Stephen. Shock would rather perish with hunger than commit such a deed. No, no; my mind is easy enough on that score. The blow was struck by a richer hand than—

Steph. I wish I could believe you—but it's too well known, I can tell you—

Alice. Ask neighbour Gervais—

Steph. Here he do cum back—I mun be off; I'll ha' nothing to do wi' a murderer.

[*Exit STEPHEN, D. in F.*

Enter SHOCK, D. in F. carrying on one hand a basket, and leading his child with the other, followed by several Peasants, male and female, some of whom carry stone jugs.

Shock. Cum, neighbours, you mun help me a bit—There bean't much room upon t'table, but we mun mak t'best on it. [*The Peasants place their jugs on the table, and assist SHOCK in bringing provisions from the basket.*

Alice. [*Drawing SHOCK aside to R.*] Oh, Shock! if you were to know what has been said of you!

Shock. I caren't what they say, let 'em chatter an' they like.

Alice. Aye, but—

Shock. Never mind, I tell thee—eat, drink, and be merry. You needn't be fretten'd—I shall never be poor ony more; nor you, nor t'bairn, nor—

Alice. But, dear Shock, for Heaven's sake! A man has been found murdered—I was first told that Sir Wilfred—

Shock. [*Laughing.*] No, no; he's not t'man as will be ta'en up—

Alice. What can you mean?

Shock. Ho'd thy tongue, I tell thee, and mak' thysen easy—I've axed ould neighbour Flail and t'dame to cum, and we'll ha' such a feast!—Cum, let's tak' a sup o' yeal to begin wi'. [*He goes to the table, takes one of the jugs, and drinks.*] Cum, lasses, why doan't ye begin?

[*At this moment, a heavy packet, as thrown from D. in F. falls against the lattice door R.*

Alice. Who's that? [*She opens the door, takes up the packet, unfolds it, and starts with horror, on finding the havresack of the old soldier, stained with blood.*] Saints preserve us! [*Calls.*] Shock! [*He approaches.*] See here—a wallet stained with blood.

Shock. [*Coolly.*] Aye, aye, I know all about that.

Alice. [*Grasping his arm.*] Oh, heavens! Is it then true?

A Peasant. Cum, doan't ye be squabbling when ye ha' gotten company wi' ye: you'll spoil all.

Enter suddenly the SENESCHAL and SIR WILFRED WAYWARD, followed by soldiers, D. in F. ALICE throws the havresack into the shed, R.

Senes. [*To Soldiers.*] Guards, seize that man, [*Points to SHOCK!*] and bear him to prison. I have information that he is the assassin. [*The Guards surround SHOCK, R.*]

Alice. [*Wildly.*] Shock! Shock! speak! Do you not deny the crime?

Shock. Deny it? No, no; that 'ud never do.

Alice. [*Shrieks, and exclaims,*] Miserable! wretched mother!—[*She attempts to embrace her child, but swoons in the effort, and falls—the child kneels beside her.*]

Shock. [*To the Peasants, with intense feeling.*] Tak' care o't'poor lass and bairn—[*To SIR WILFRED.*]—You mun let 'em cum an' see me, your worship—[*SIR WILFRED averts his face.*] Poor, dear Alice! good bye, neighbours—[*To SIR WILFRED, as the soldiers conduct him off.*] I say, you didn't tell me they'd cum so soon though.

[*Exit SENESCHAL, followed by SHOCK, guarded, and Peasants, D. F.—As SIR WILFRED slowly advances towards the door, the Scene changes to*

SCENE II.—*The outside of SHOCK'S hut, with D. in F.*

SIR WILFRED *comes from the hut, and, at the same time, enter* LADY MATILDA, R.

Lady M. Ah, Sir Wilfred, happily met. You must assist me in alleviating the distress of this wretched family—I have heard of their new calamity.

Sir W. Dear lady Matilda! this is no place for you.

Lady M. No place for me?—the abode of weeping innocence can never be an unfit place for the benevolent heart.

[*ALICE comes from the hut, D. F.*

Alice. What! have they all deserted me? [*She perceives LADY MATILDA.*] Ah! generous lady, have you the mercy to visit the wife of a murderer?

Sir W. Lady Matilda, I entreat you to separate yourself from this woman.

Lady M. No, Sir Wilfred; she at least is only unfortunate. And, perhaps, even her husband may not be the real culprit. [*To ALICE.*] Poor suffering soul! your misfortunes were great enough before. Heaven only knows how you will support this last affliction.

Alice. [*Weeping.*] Support it? never!—it will bring me to the grave; and what will become of my poor child?

Lady M. Be that my care. It shall never want a protectress while I have life.

Alice. Thanks, madam, thanks—but oh! my poor husband!

Lady M. Nay, be comforted. [*To SIR WILFRED.*] Pray, Sir Wilfred, join me in administering at least the balm of hope.

Sir W. Amiable Matilda, I would it were in my power! but I have so strong a conviction of the Shepherd's guilt, that I dare not offer such delusive consolation. He will shortly be brought to justice; and my presence will be required. [*Offering his hand.*]—Permit me to conduct you.

Lady M. No, Sir Wilfred: hasten to your painful duty, if such it be; but for me, I will not at present abandon this pitiable object. [*Soothingly taking ALICE'S hand.*]—Come! in and calm your fears; all may yet be well: come—come.

[*LADY MATILDA leads ALICE into the hut, D. in F.*

Sir W. [*Solus.*] How dreadfully perilous is the

expedient which my desperation has prompted me to adopt ! When the Shepherd shall be exposed to legal scrutiny, I trembled for the event. His extreme simplicity, which has hitherto been my safeguard, will then place me on the brink of a precipice. But how prevent it ?—His tacit admission of the crime, when arrested, was so numerously witnessed, that if I could now procure his liberation and flight, that fact alone would establish the evidence of his guilt, and effectually relieve me from suspicion.—It shall be tried ! The newly appointed gaoler is as needy as his prisoner ; and doubtless, by apportioning the bribe to his scruples, may be prevailed upon to release and fly with him. If he yield, 'tis well—if not, impelled by dire necessity, I e'en must plunge another step in self-preserving homicide.

[Exit, R.]

SCENE III.—*The gaoler's lodge of a prison with a door R. S. E., and one L. S. E.—A table, with a pewter quart spirit measure and a glass, upon it, and two chairs.—ROONEY O'CHISEL discovered, [slightly intoxicated,] seated at the table, in the habit of a gaoler, with a large bunch of keys suspended from a leathern girdle.—THADY in the corner, with a book in his hand.—ROONEY takes up the measure, drinks deeply, and then rises and staggers forward.*

Rooney. When I was a prisoner, I used to think our gaoler a big ugly blackguard ; and I wouldn't wonder now, [in spite of my good looks] if the poor devils I am getting the charge of will be thinking that same of myself. Well, there's nothing dishonest in the calling ; but it isn't just the nate thing for an Irish taste, and I'd never make it sit aisy on my stomach, if I didn't keep washing it down now and then wid a swig of the cratur.

[He goes to the table, fills a glass, and drinks.]

Thady. [Laying down his book, and coming forward.] Did you know the prisoner that has just been brought in, father ?

Rooney. Know him, 'is it ? not I, honey ; I'm no ways curish that way. 'Twas a mighty small peep I got at him ; and I thought him an ill-looking spalpeen enough, for the matter of that.—[He drinks again.]

Thady. He seemed very sad.

Rooney. Sad ! Did he ? Oh, sure he'll get the better of that.

Thady. Will he be set at liberty, father?

Rooney. What! sure, didn't you hear the guard say 'twas murder he did? No, no: devil a more liberty he'll be seeing. But it won't be long till he'll get shut of his melancholy.—A dose of hemp and a wooden physicianer will put an end to his troubles in a crack.
[*He drinks again.*]

Thady. Poor fellow!

Rooney. Poor? Troth, then, I'm just bothered to think how such a ragged, half-starved gossoon as that would be murdering the likes of a man at all, at all, bating that he was half-kilt to his hand any way.

[*Pipe played, R. S. E.*]

Thady. Hark! [*He runs to the wing and listens.*] Father! father! I declare the prisoner's playing upon his pipe!

Rooney. Oh, then he may do that same—Devil a fear there is of his wearing out his *wind-pipe* in the small matter of time he'll be getting the use of it.

Thady. Well! I don't know how he that's shut up in the dark can find the heart to be so merry; for I'm sure I find even this place so dull, that I don't know what to do with myself.

Rooney. Musha, that's true for you, Thady, jewel. But I'll thank you not to be minding me of it. [*He takes up the measure, and turns it bottom upwards.*] Arrah, can you see your poor ould father standing here so *out of spirits*, and be doing your best to make him worser and worser? Here, take the crushkin down to the public-house beyont, and get it filled wid "the medicine as before," as the doctors say.

[*THADY takes the measure, and exit, L. D. S. E.*]

Ha! ha! ha! poor Thady! his melancholy's natural enough.—The love of liberty is in the soul of him; and it's a national taste. Ould mother nature never intended myself for the likes o' this; and, only for the drink that's in it, my tinder heart would be teaching my foolish fingers to be after locking all the doors on the wrong side.

SONG.—ROONEY.

Of the tind'rest of flesh I received my formation,
Which never once gave me the least botheration;
Till to England I came from the town of Kinsale,
Broke in trade, and took charge of the keys of a goal.
But in pity myself must no longer be dealing;
So to make my heart fit for the office it sarves,
To the devil I pitch'd all my buttermilk feeling,
And flew to the cratur to stringthen my narves.

I got muddled with ale, but soon found my mistake—
 The liquor, I found, like myself, was too wake ;
 But brandy my heart for its calling soon qualified,
 And made me so hard I'm not aisily mollified :
 So take my advice, and don't sip at the stuff,
 If you find you're too soft, and you'd wish to be cal-
 lous ;

But stick to the crushkin, and tippie enough,
 And yourself may take charge of a gaol or a gallows.

[During the few last lines he becomes very drunk ; and having finished the song, staggers to the table and falls into the chair ; places his elbows on the table, leans his head on his hand, and calls "Thady ;" yawns, and drowsily repeats "Thady, you devil !"—He seems overcome with sleep—his arm falls upon the table, his head on his arm, and he snores loudly.]

Enter SIR WILFRED WAYWARD, wrapped in a cloak.

Sir W. What do I see ? the gaoler asleep !—Thanks, fortune, for this timely aid. My only reliance was in the fascination of gold ; but Providence has outstript my utmost hopes, as if resolved to spare my burthened soul from further pollution. Let me not lose an instant.

He cautiously approaches ROONEY, and attempts to detach the keys from his girdle.—ROONEY slightly moves.—SIR WILFRED WAYWARD steps behind the Chuir.

Rooney. *[Without opening his eyes or raising his head.]*—"You'll be fit to take charge of a gaol or a gallows." *[ROONEY snores again—SIR WILFRED detaches the keys from his girdle, and opens door R. S. E. and presently returns, leading SHOCK, muffled in his cloak—When they have advanced a few paces from the wing, enter THADY L. D. S. E.—He screams, throws down the measure, and runs to ROONEY.]*

Thady. *[Shaking ROONEY violently.]* Father ! father !

Rooney. *[Rising and looking wildly around.]* Oh, murder ! what's this ?

[ROONEY staggers to SIR WILFRED, and seizes him by the collar ; and at the same moment enter the Seneschal, followed by six soldiers L. S. E.—SIR WILFRED snatches the cloak from SHOCK : throws it from him, and seizes ROONEY by the collar.]

Sir W. [*To ROONEY.*] Ha! villain! dare you resist? [*To the Seneschal.*] Seneschal, your arrival has stopped the assassin's flight; and perhaps saved my life. I detected this ruffian in the act of favouring his escape: secure them both. [*The Guards divide—three seize SHOCK, and the remainder surround ROONEY, who surreys them with stupid astonishment.—SIR WILFRED addresses SHOCK's Guards.*] Away! bear off your prisoner.— [*They conduct him off, L. S. E.*

Shock. [*Aside to SIR WILFRED as he passes.*] It's all right, I reckon. You'll tak care o' me.

Sir W. Seneschal, confine that fellow closely until his presence is required. [*Aside.*] Again my genius has triumphed! [*Exit SIR WILFRED, L.*

Seneschal. So, I have made a happy choice. Rooney, you are one of the last men I could have believed capable of such treachery.

Rooney. What! sure your honour isn't believing.

Seneschal. Silence! Would you dare attempt to screen your baseness by striving to discredit an honourable knight? Bring him along.

[*Exit SENESCHAL, L. S. E.*

Rooney. [*As if suddenly aroused from stupor.*] Is it draming I was? Oh, powers o' marcy, a pretty step o' promotion I'm like to make of this damned locking-up trade! Did I sarve my good seven years to an honest calling, and then change it to get into this, because a fellow tells a big lie? Oh wait till I spake to his lordship the baron, and see if I won't set all right in a jiffy. [*The Soldiers hurry him off, L. S. E.*

SCENE IV.—*A romantic spot within a wood.—In the centre of the Stage, a blighted willow tree, overhanging a deep and rocky ravine, which appears to receive a torrent from the back ground.—In the front a table, with paper, &c., at which are seated LORD DERWENT, his Register, and a number of vassal Knights, and at the wings a number of domestics and Peasants.*

Enter SIR WILFRED WAYWARD, L. S. E.

Lord D. Welcome, my friend! your kind assistance may avail me much in fathoming this dark transaction.

Sir W. [*Agitated.*] My lord, you do me honour.

Lord D. This is the precise spot on which the assassination is supposed to have been committed; and I have resolved to arraign the culprit here, hoping that the testimony of surrounding objects may assist in wresting from him the secret of his guilt.

Sir W. [*As before.*] 'Tis well, my lord.

Lord D. But why so gloomy, Sir Wilfred? I hope you no longer feel hurt at the illiberal suspicion which would have implicated you in this affair?

Sir W. [*With more firmness.*] I have no right, my lord: a crime has been committed; and the people, calling to you for justice on its perpetrator, had as much right to suspect me as another: but the criminal once discovered, all are satisfied.

Lord D. I rejoice, my friend, to witness this firmness of character; it is the best test that a man lives at peace with his own conscience. [*To the wing.*] Bring the prisoner.

Enter SHOCK, guarded, L. S. E.

Lord D. [*Aside.*] There is a confidence in his carriage, and a placidity in his features, which ill accord with guilt. [*To SHOCK.*] Prisoner, stand forth.

Shock. [*Advancing respectfully, R.*] Here be I, my lord.

Lord D. You are doubtless aware of the terrible accusation which has been made against you.

Shock. [*Simply.*] No.

Lord D. You are charged with having wilfully and maliciously killed an old soldier, who—

Shock. [*As if suddenly comprehending.*] Oh, yes, I know all about that.

Lord D. [*To the Register.*] Give me the deposition. [*He takes a paper, and reads.*] “It has been deposed to us, that last night, during the violent storm, an old soldier was seen to enter this wood; and some time afterwards, some peasants passing, attracted by deep groans, were led to this spot, where they found the said old soldier weltering in his blood; that he expired immediately on their arrival; and that, on removing the body, the only person they saw near the spot was the prisoner, who, (as it is supposed) in order to conceal his agitation and escape suspicion, sat upon an eminence, and played upon his pipe.”

Shock. Ay, sure: 'twasn't a vary lively tune I reckon; for t'storm wur pelting o' me rarely.

Lord D. Prisoner, what have you to say to the charge?

Shock. Say, O, I know what to say, weel enough.

Lord D. Are you prepared to deny the crime?

Shock. [*Coolly.*] No, I munnot deny it.

[*General surprise.*]

Lord D. [*Aside.*] Is this depravity or idiotism? [*To SHOCK.*] You admit, then, that you committed the diabolical act.—Describe the means by which you effected it.

Shock. [*As not understanding.*] He!

Lord D. In what manner did you kill him?

Shock. What, did you never see ony body kill'd? Ax t'soldiers here—Ax his worship yonder—[*Pointing to SIR WILFRED, L.*] He knows weel enough how they do kill folk.

Sir W. [*Aside.*] His simplicity makes me tremble.

Lord D. [*Aside.*] What am I to think of this? [*To SHOCK.*] Answer me:—had you any cause of hatred to the old Soldier?

[*SIR W. nods to SHOCK.*]

Shock. No; why, bless you, it wur but yesterday, as he tell'd me afore long I should be a rich man.

Lord D. And yet you had the heart to murder him?

Shock. [*Loudly, and with intense feeling.*] Murder him!—No! [*To SIR W.*] You know I tell'd you—

Sir W. [*Embarrassed.*] Yes, my lord, he before confessed to me his crime, but pretended that it was a quarrel.

Lord D. All I hear tends only to astonish and perplex me. It is never satisfactory to the ends of justice, that a man like the prisoner should be condemned upon his bare admission of crime:—I am therefore resolved that, unless some corroborative proof can be produced—

Sir W. My lord, in the cause of justice I feel compelled to afford all the information in my power. Shortly before the assassination, the deceased was observed by my servant to carry a havresack:—when the body was discovered, this was absent; and I am informed that it has since been seen in the prisoner's hut.

Lord D. Ha! this is important—[*To the Guards.*]—Let instant and rigorous search be made.

Sir W. My good lord, 'tis but a few paces hence. If you think well to suspend the proceedings for some

minutes, we may have the satisfaction of conducting the scrutiny ourselves.

Lord D. 'Tis well advised.—Guards, look to your prisoners.

[*Exeunt LORD DERWENT and SIR WILFRED.*]

Enter ALICE, L. S. E. with a Basket in her hand—she runs and embraces SHOCK.

Alice. My poor dear Shock! guilty or innocent, you still are my husband, and the father of my child.

Shock. Aye, sure am I. But I say—what, hastn't brought t'bairn wi' thee?

Alice. No—he slept, and I thought it would be cruel to wake him to come and weep with us. But here—you must be nearly famished—here—[*She gives him a small loaf from the basket, which he begins to eat—she then takes a leather bottle and cup from the basket, fills the cup, and offers it to him.*]

Shock. What, hast gotten yeal too! [*he drinks.*] Cum, gi' us another. [*She fills, and he drinks again.*] Ha! ha! ha! It's so guid, I mun sup out o't' bottle. [*He drinks from the bottle.*] Weel, I'se a rich man at last—and thou'rt a rich lass. Cum, gi' us a buss—[*He kisses her.*—we sall ne'er want money again.

Alice. Are you mad?

Shock. I doan't know but I am. I'm so happy, it minds me of ould times. I say, Alice, shall I gi' thee th' tune I play'd furst day we ever met? Zookers! 'twas sich a merry one, it made t' very sheep dance.

Alice. Merry tunes! with death staring you in the face!

Shock. [*Snapping his fingers.*] That for death! I wool play—I'll be shot if I doan't.

[*ALICE retires and leans pensively against the wing—SHOCK plays a very rude, but sprightly air upon his pipe, occasionally dancing to it; during which, enter LORD DERWENT and SIR WILFRED WAYWARD—LORD D. starts with surprise—SIR W. is exceedingly agitated.*]

Lord D. Amazement! [*To SIR W.*] Can this man be guilty?

Sir W. My lord, it is sometimes the policy of criminals to feign imbecility.

Lord D. I care not—if I err, 'tis on the side of mercy. Our examination has furnished no testimony to confirm his self-conviction, and, without it, he shall not perish.

Sir W. [*Aside.*] Then I am lost!

Alice. Thanks, thanks, generous lord!

[*She runs and embraces SHOCK, at which moment, enter SHOCK's Child, L. U. E. with the blood-stained havresack slung about its neck.*

Child. Father, father! here's a nice new satchel full of bread and meat—I saw mother hide it under a bush amongst the rocks.

[*ALICE shrieks, and leans upon one of the Peasants for support.—SIR W. rushes forward, and seizes the havresack.*

Sir W. Behold, my lord, the testimonial which we sought in vain. You hear—'twas hidden by the prisoner's wife.

[*The CHILD runs to ALICE, R. who seizes it in her arms.*

Alice. Unhappy child! your artless tongue has seal'd your father's death.

Shock. [*Aside.*] I wish it war weel ow'r, for I long to get back and reckon t'money.

Lord D. This is indeed a damning proof, and I dare not longer hesitate. Register, record his sentence. [*Dictating.*] "The orphan Shepherd, known by the name of Shock, having virtually acknowledged himself to be the perpetrator of the aforesaid murder"—[*Register writes.*]

Shock. [*Aside.*] Weel, it cum'd true, just as t'ould soldier tell'd me.

Lord D. [*As before.*] "And circumstantial evidence fully establishing our opinion of his guilt"—

Shock. [*Aside.*] I shall hardly know what to do wi' mysen.

Lord D. [*As before.*] "And the flagrant nature of the crime demanding a prompt example"—

Shock. [*Aside.*] I shall ha' nothing to do but eat and drink and play upo't'pipe fra' morning to neet.

Lord D. [*As before.*] "We the Lord Baron Derwent, with the advice and consent of our beloved subject knights, do hereby adjudge the said Shock to immediate death."

[*As the word "death" is pronounced, SHOCK starts from a reverie, and, at the same moment, enter LADY MATILDA, L. S. E.*

Alice. [*Running, and kneeling to LORD D.*] Mercy, my lord, mercy!—[*Addressing LADY M.*] My lady! pray with me for mercy on my husband!

[LADY M. approaches LORD D. as about to sup-
plicate.]

Lord D. It is in vain—[To the Guards.]—Guards,
conduct the criminal to immediate execution.

Shock. [In extreme terror.] What!—I!—death!—
[To SIR WILFRED.] Why—your worship—you
know—

Sir W. [Aside to SHOCK.] Silence! and leave all to
me.

Enter the SENESCHAL, hastily, L. S. E.

Senes. My lord, my lord!—the gaoler, when he was
informed the murdered man was an old soldier, and the
prisoner Shock the shepherd, entreated to be brought
before your lordship; saying, that he must speak to
you on an affair of life and death.

Lord D. Let him appear.

Enter ROONEY O'CHISEL, L. S. E.

Guards! let the prisoner remain. [SIR W. paces the
stage in extreme agitation.] Well, gaoler, what do you
know of the deceased soldier?

Rooney. What do I know!—Sure isn't it his execu-
tor I am.

Lord D. His executor!

Rooney. Yes, my lord—to his will.

Lord D. His will!

Rooney. [To SHOCK.] Arrah then, ar'n't you a pretty
blood-thirsty church-robber, to be killing the poor ould
soul that was laving you all he had in the world—tho',
may be, he was no kiff nor kin to you at all, at all?

Lord D. What mean you? Explain this moment.

Rooney. Oh, then, I'll tell your lordship the long
and the short of it.—The ould soldier came to my cabin
last night, and said he was bothered which way to go,
becase he was purshued.—So he wint out of my back
door into the wood, and tould me that if any thing hap-
pen'd him, I'd find—[He starts, looks hastily around,
and speaks aside.] He! what!—the wood!—the river!
—and the—Oh! by my soul, then, this must be the
very spot—and that ould tree'll be his money chist.

Lord D. Proceed instantly.

Rooney. Well, then, he tould me I'd find the bulk of
his estate in the ould willow tree beyont, [Pointing]
and I'd give it all to Shock, the orphan Shepherd, bad
luck to him for the little he desarnes of it!

[SHOCK listens, and stares with astonishment.

Lord D. The willow tree! [*Aside.*] What can this mean? [LORD D. goes to the tree, and takes from a hole in the trunk some dried leaves, and then a paper parcel.] Ha!—What have we here? A sealed packet!—[*He reads the superscription.*] “Attested documents, which prove, that the second son of the late, and brother of the present, Sir Wilfred Wayward exists, in the person of Shock, the orphan Shepherd.”

[*All the characters exhibit amazement.*

Sir W. Merciful Providence! He my brother!

Shock. [*With stupid astonishment.*] Where am I?—I hope I’s not asleep.

Lord D. Be it my task to investigate the merits of these papers.—They may contain an imposture.

Sir W. No! [*He looks stedfastly in SHOCK’S face.*] I acknowledge them to be authentic!—He is my brother!

[*He turns and hides his face.*

Shock. [*With mingled emotions of surprise and joy.*] What!—Brother!—I!—as thou I hadn’t a kinsman i’t world!—And you—to be—my—

[*He bursts into tears, and attempts to embrace SIR WILFRED, who avoids him.*

Sir W. [*Aside.*] I am at length overwhelm’d!

Lady M. Sir Wilfred!—I conjure you, by the love you bear me, to unravel this frightful mystery.

Sir W. [*With sudden resolution.*] I will—for I alone possess the power.—This shepherd, my new-found brother, is innocent! [*ALICE and the Child run and embrace SHOCK.*] I saw the deed committed, and know the assassin.

Rooney. Musha, then we’ll see the rights of it yet, any way. Shock, you’re not the divil I took you for.

Sir W. [*Advancing to the tree.*] His motives will be known hereafter—His crime shall now be blazoned to the world—Here! [*Pointing.*] Behind this tree he seized his victim by the hoary locks, and plunged the deadly steel into his virtuous breast!—[*Peasants recede:—He ascends the rock R. U. E.*]—The criminal is no ordinary man—he had possessions, mind, and prospects far above the common herd—His hopes are blasted! his spirit torn by the demons of despair!—The shade of the victim cries aloud for vengeance on his destroyer; and thus—thus he obeys the mandate!

[*On pronouncing the last word, he throws himself head-*

long into the torrent,—LADY MATILDA shrieks, and faints in the arms of LORD DERWENT.—SHOCK attempts to run up the stage, but is detained by his wife and child, and the rest of the characters form a tableau of astonishment.

THE END.

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